

By the "Queen of the Artists' Studios"

The Story of Audrey Munson—Intimate Secrets of Studio Revealed by the Most Perfect, Most Versatile, Most Famous American Models, Whose Face and Figure Have Inspired Thousands of Modern Masterpieces of Sculpture and



Sarah Brown, the "Audrey Munson of Paris," the most famous model in Europe. "Every artist in Paris is in love with two women," says Miss Munson, "his temporary sweetheart and Mlle. Brown."

By Audrey Munson. CHAPTER VII.

(Continued from Last Sunday.)

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LAST week on this page I told something of the gay phase of studio life in America's art centre, New York City, and of the festivities which occupy the time of some models almost as much as does the serious work of posing. I said that this was an effort to implant in America the joyous abandon of the Latin Quarter, the Montmartre district, of Paris. Chiefly, of course, it is the models who suffer most from this bacchanalian effort. Young women whose very profession requires them to put aside all the conventions of modesty, and whose success in their careers depends upon physical symmetries, which ordinarily are the most secret pride of her other sisters, are not so strongly bulwarked against temptations which are multiplied around them.

Oftentimes it is the lure of Paris that makes them take part in the revels.

"They do it there," they say. "Therefore it must be right."

Is this setting up of the Quartier Latin as the artistic example to be followed in all things?

Just as every artist beginning his career looks to Paris for the experience its legends of old masters and its contact with students from every part of the world offers him, so the artists' model who desires to broaden herself in the art of interpreting the moods of painter and sculptor longs for a season among the ateliers and studios and long visits to the Academy in the French capital.

It was there I met, for the first time, the young woman whom I have since heard referred to as "the Audrey Munson of Paris." This was the beautiful Sarah Brown, inspiration of many marvellous paintings and statues by French artists, and whose body stands revealed, throughout Europe, quite as much as does mine in every corner of the United States.

Sarah Brown was, besides being the foremost of the models of Paris, valuable to sculptor and painter alike, because the fullness of her flesh was modified by graceful lines and beautiful proportions of thigh, hip and chest, the uncrowned queen of the Montmartre. She was beloved by all other models and sought after by every artist, and it was widely whispered that princes, nobles and rich Parisian merchants vied with each other for her affections. She had a beautiful little apartment in the Rue Fromentin,



Two famous conceptions of the same subject, "Mother and Child." At the right is the beautiful statue by Konti, Miss Munson having posed as the mother. This charming marble stands in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. At the left is the "Mother and Child" of a popular "Impressionist" sculptor. Miss Munson explains on this page why this artist insists no "Mother and Child" is complete without the father, and why he distorts all his subjects.

rather a gay neighborhood, and here she was hostess night after night to festive parties of models and students.

To Sarah clothing was wholly a matter of ornamentation. She made hardly even a convention of it. In the Summer time, when most of the artists who remain in town or at work abandon their hot studios and divide among themselves the big, roomy floor of one of the larger academies, where a dozen or more models pose at once—some for two or three students at a time—Sarah could be seen any morning hurrying down Rue Fromentin toward the Latin Quarter, wearing a Summer cape carefully buttoned to her shoe tops. I passed a night in Sarah's apartment as her guest during my stay in Paris, and went with her in the morning to the academy where I was to pose for Milliere, now quite successful, but then just a student. When we were ready to leave the apartment I learned the secret of that cape.

Sarah wore nothing under it—except a pair of hose and her walking boots!

Sarah slept without a night dress. "The body needs air," she explained. "I do not like to cramp it." In the morning, after a hasty bath and a breakfast far more simple than we in America indulge as a rule, she had drawn on her stockings and fastened her shoes. Then she seemed to be waiting for me to finish dressing, pottering

Museum of Art; but Allen Newman also found in her the inspiration for his "Southern Motherhood," which caps the pinnacle of the Capitol of the State of South Carolina, and yet for the sophisticated woman of the world the sculptress Evelyn Longman selected her for her "L'Amour" at the Metropolitan Museum. So, too, Konti modelled from her his charming "Widowhood," Wenzel his charming but frivolous "Madame Butterfly," Pietro his "Suffering Humanity" and Adams his impressive and serious "Priestess of Culture."

From the carved caryatides which support the mantelpiece in the main saloon of Mr. Morgan's yacht the "Corsair," from the exquisite tapestries of Herter in the George Vanderbilt home, from the souvenir dollar of the San Francisco World's Fair, from the smiling nymph on the edge of the pool in John D. Rockefeller's Tarrytown estate, from the stone angels on a hundred church and cathedral altars, from 24,000 feet of mural decorations and scores of groups of statuary at the Pan-American Exposition, the face and figure of Audrey Munson look down upon the passing multitude or adorn the homes of patrons of art.

Audrey Munson has written the story of her life, the incidents and episodes behind the scenes in the studios, the unknown history of the inspiration of many masterpieces in public and private art collections, the strange eccentricities and methods of the artists—and the distressing tragedies of the pretty models who lacked moral balance to safeguard them from the perils of the intimate atmosphere of the studios. Audrey Munson's fascinating story will be told from week to week on this page.



Two portraits of Audrey Munson. The one on the left is by Pogany, the one on the right is by Brauch.

the models, many of whom, in the off seasons, have few crumbs to spare.

Arrived at the academy where we were to pose, Sarah calmly threw her cape aside just within the entrance and, thus uncovered, boldly walked into the big room where there was gathered half a score of students or full fledged artists, with coats and collars cast aside, either painting or modeling or waiting the tardy arrival of their day's models.

The entrance of Mlle. Sarah, devoid of clothing, made no sensation at all. A few of the students hailed her with cheery salutations—one or two models in various stages of dishabille waved at her. It was my first visit to this academy, so there was more excitement when Sarah announced to all present: "I have brought her along—herself—America's Audrey."

It was rather embarrassing for me. The students and models alike left their places and crowded around me, each making some sort of pretty speech. In that moment, perhaps, more than in any other, I realized what was the true spirit of the Latin Quarter, that gay bohemianism of kindred spirits, and how different was much of the imitation in New York.

Mlle. Sarah conducted me to the dressing room. "See," she said, "how much better off I am! I do not have to disrobe, I am without bother all day long, and when I am dismissed for the day I will not have to go to the trouble of dressing up again. You, on the other hand, must go to all the bother—you and the other girls here."

I was astonished to find no evidence in the dressing room of other models, and yet I had seen several, disrobed, posing on the floor. "Oh, you will soon see," Mlle. Sarah explained. "They do not bother about coming in here. They go to their posing stands and take their clothes off there." How different in the studios of America! Here, as I have said before, the model who forgets her reserve and removes her clothing before the man for whom she is to stand completely nude for hours makes a great mistake. The better artists do not respect her for such a breach of modesty. But there, in the academy, with many artists about the floor, it was the usual thing.

And what a reception it was I had to face when, a little trembly even with all my experience, I walked out onto the floor and made my way to M. Milliere's stand! Artists and models gathered about me, chattering and gesticulating.

A little girl with a delightfully petite figure, who posed for fairies and dryads, put her hand next to mine and called all to witness that her hand was almost of the same proportions.

"See," she called saucily to the artist who was employing her for the day, "I have always told you that my hand was the most beautiful in Paris—now it is proven. You shall give me two sous extra every time you paint my hand, for it just like the American mademoiselle's!"

The artists themselves inspected me with the care they might have bestowed in selecting the model for a contemplated masterpiece. And they talked of my thighs, my hips, my knees and back as if they were talking of a bit of inanimate architecture. Mlle. Sarah saw at last that I was becoming fatigued by so much inspection and dis-

the while about her tiny apartment. When I had announced myself ready, wondering why she had not hurried, too, she had said, calmly picking up the cape that had been flung the night before across a chair in the little vestibule:

"Then let us go—we shall be late."

She threw the cape about her—without putting on another thing but the shoes and stockings. I looked at her so startled she laughed gaily.

"What is the use," she said, of putting on one's clothes just to take them off again? It is quite warm—the cape is sufficient. And there are enough buttons to thwart any inquisitive wind."

As this famous model's guest I was not in position to be too curious about her reasonings. I went meekly along, quaking at every step for fear some one of the youths who passed us, many of them kissing their fingers to my companion, who was well known to all the loiterers in the Quarter, would discover, as I had done, the importance of that thin, flapping cape.

But Sarah was not at all concerned. She walked along, stopping now and then to toss a crumb from the little piece of bread she had brought along from the breakfast table to an occasional bird. It is one of the traditions of Paris that the city's stray birds are kept well fed by